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ALL THE NEWS THAT'S FIT TO PRINT.

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Gov. Buckner's Address To Gov. Beckham.

To the Hon. J. C. W. Beckham: It grieves me to think I have awakened your displeasure. Indeed, I fear that I offended you before you were born; at least the incident which calls forth the expression of your indignation occurred long before that interesting event in your history. The exact terms in which your resentment was made known I have been unable to learn, but the newspapers announce that in a recent speech you were pleased to "neer" at my conduct at the battle of Fort Donelson, more than forty-one years ago. The provocation which seems to have elicited this expression of your indignation appears to have been some remarks of mine addressed a short time ago to the citizens of my county, whose voters of all parties you sought four years ago to disfranchise.

My remarks were purely historical in character. They were intended to show the ill effects upon a free government, of the usurpations of a political machine absorbing all the powers of the State, parceling out among its members the different offices of government, denying to the people the right of free choice in the selecting of their servants and trampling upon the most sacred rights of freemen. I think my statements were fully established by the evidence of your own avowed supporters.

I do not understand that you have called in question the correctness of any of these allegations, but you rise in your majesty to annihilate the allegator by the supreme logic of a gubernatorial sneer! This courteous notice which you have been pleased to give me demands a fitting acknowledgment.

The act of which you disapprove was a public act, and, therefore, like your own public acts, is a fit subject of comment.

But there are several essentials requisite to form a just criticism. In the first place the critic must know something of the subject he is talking about. Then his mind must be free from prejudice and not irritated by passion or wounded vanity. But, above all, his judgment must be so trained that it is capable of reaching just conclusions from established premises. How far you may be wanting in these requisites a discerning public must judge.

Concerning the Surrender of Fort Donelson.

The facts in relation to the action which you criticize are recorded in the archives of the country and cannot be changed either by my assertions or by any novel form of logic employed by you. Briefly stated, they are these:

Of the three senior officers at Fort Donelson, I was the junior in rank and subject, therefore, to the orders of my seniors. I urgently advised against placing ourselves within the light entrenchments to be invested, and counseled operations outside the works. My seniors overruled me, as they had a right to do. We were completely invested, as might have been foreseen, and after several days of severe combats a council of war was held. I then urged a sortie of the garrison as the only remedy left. My advice was adopted. The sortie was made and was completely successful. My division was far beyond the entrenchments in position to cover the withdrawal of the whole army through the open country behind it, when, to my amazement, I received an order first from one of my superiors and then from the senior commander, to return to my former position within the lines. Against this I earnestly protested as meaning the loss of the army. But the commander reiterated his order, and I had only to obey. I returned, a distance of three miles, to find that a portion of my works had been occupied by the enemy in my absence; and it was only after a severe combat that I held an unfortified line within the works. At a subsequent council of war it was the unanimous opinion that the conditions were so desperate that a capitulation of the army was an absolute necessity to avoid a needless massacre by an overwhelmingly superior force.

After this determination, my two senior commanders, against whose patriotism and gallantry I have no word to utter, thought fit to effect their escape on a steamer lying at the wharf, taking with them such troops as could be embarked, leaving to me

the execution of a painful duty which they had pronounced a necessity. The same avenue of escape was open to me; but I considered it my imperative duty to taste of the misfortunes as I had shared the hardships and dangers of my gallant comrades. The Confederate States government, which, it might be thought, was an interested party in these transactions, saw fit to retire my two seniors from all active duty and to promote me to a higher grade or what, they supposed, was my proper action on that occasion.

You evidently dissent from their judgment. If your infantile prattlings could have reached the ears of the Confederate authorities they might, perhaps, have saved them from the commission of this error. But, unfortunately, you were not then born; nor had flaming comet or other miraculous message informed the world of your approaching advent and the wisdom which would then enlighten it.

The Value of the Governor's Criticism.

Your military criticism might have been more authoritative if it had been fortified by some experience in warfare. You might readily be pardoned for not taking part in a war which had closed before you were born; but after you had attained "your May of youth and bloom of lustiness," with no domestic ties to bind you to your hearthstone, your country appealed to her sons to enroll themselves under her banners and to defend her honor against a foreign foe. Your competitor promptly responded to the call but no answering echo came from you. While he was engaged in extending the area of free government abroad, you were associated with a band of machine politicians who were seeking to restrict it at home. Instead of stepping forward to render patriotic service to your country, you seem to have found it a more congenial employment to criticize those who did.

And by this style of criticism you are waging what you call an aggressive campaign. Indeed the stumps of the State, are groaning under the oppressive weight of your machine orators, who may be seen with oscillating forms, and arms and legs swinging with a violence that threatens dislocation, while from the distorted features that adorn the center of these gyrations there issues a stentorian voice:

"Reinforcing facts by strength of lung. And slaying foes with venomous tongue."

The picture, if not sublime, is at least picturesque. It would be amusing if we did not know that under cover of these oratorical gymnastics there lurks a sinister design. It is the custom of the juggler, when he wishes to perform his slight of hand tricks, to direct the eyes of the spectators to some secondary object, so that, under cover of their distracted attention, he may execute his most astounding feats. In like manner, while the spectators are amazed at the fantastic gymnastics of the stump jugglers, the machine is quietly at work forging the political fetters which are to bind them like slaves to the car of their masters.

It was Tony Lumpkin who said, that while he could read the superscription on his letter, he could not decipher the contents, though, as he sagely remarked, he believed "that the inside of the letter is the cream of the correspondence."

Democracy and Its Executioners.

The car of your machine is labeled all over "Democracy." What is within? What sort of Democratic cream does it enclose? Lifting the painted veil which hides the contents we see within only the grinning skeleton of the stately form of Democracy, surrounded by its executioners, the Goebel election law, the Music Hall convention, the campaign of vituperation, which sought to deaouch the public mind by breaking down all barriers between right and wrong, the contested election where the popular will was overthrown by disfranchising a fifth of the voters of the State, the falsification of the legislative records, the pretended primary, so skillfully engineered by the machine; blood money, packed juries and subservient courts, halters to strangle men judicially murdered; nothing but false pretense, fraud, violence and corruption! And this is what your machine offers to the people as the essence of

Jeffersonian Democracy!

Your own part in this contest has not been an inconspicuous one. As Speaker of the House in the Legislature which enacted the Goebel election law, and for the passage of which, it is understood, you were an earnest advocate, you must bear your full share of the odium which it excited in all just and generous minds. As one of the chief beneficiaries of the frauds perpetrated by the Music Hall convention, the fitting offspring of the Goebel law, you must be held to your share of responsibility for disfranchising one-third of the Democrats of the State in order to force upon them candidates they did not desire.

Democratic Statecraft.

But your masterpiece of Democratic statecraft was reserved for the contested election. When, in spite of the frauds perpetrated under the inequities of the election law, an indignant people had rejected your ticket, and your own partisan board had certified to the election of your opponents; instead of abiding by the result you demanded, as a means of overthrowing the will of the people, that the votes of the people of forty counties which had cast majorities against you should not be counted, on the flimsy pretext that the ballots were on paper which was not quite as thick as you thought it ought to be; yet the votes of a dozen other counties which had given you majorities, and which were on the identical sort of paper used by the others and were furnished by the same contractors, were deemed good enough to be received. In other words, you claim that the State government can forbid the people, as it has done, to cast their votes in any other way than on the ballots furnished by the State, and that the citizen, after having exercised this right in the only way that is permitted him, may be robbed of his vote by the caprice of a partisan legislature or a partisan board, provided that he votes against the interests of the machine; but if he votes to support it his vote may be counted, however cast. In effect, your claim is that the government established to protect the people in the enjoyment of their liberties, is nothing but a fraudulent engine to rob them of their dearest rights!

Is this your Jeffersonian Democracy? Is this your jealous care of the rights of election by the people? Is this your acquiescence in the decisions of the majority? Is this your idea of right and justice? Is it a pretense even to common honesty?

The Record of the State Administration.

I do not care to dwell upon the sickening details of the faults charged against your administration; upon the scandals attached to your benevolent institutions, the unusual fees paid from the public fund and from the pay of soldiers to favored counsel, and the encouragement of crime by the granting of pardons for the gravest offenses against society. It could not be expected that an administration installed by the fraudulent methods employed could have any regard for the public interests or attain to moral excellence in any of its departments. But the latest proposition that you have made is the most marvelous of all your acts. As the chief executive of the State the people have assigned to you, in a judicial capacity, the duty of finally passing upon the guilt or innocence of those who may appeal to you for clemency. It happens that three men are under sentence of death. Their cases are still pending, on appeal, in the courts. They have never come before you, for adjudication. You cannot possibly know anything of their guilt or innocence. But as you have made the life or death of one of these men a political issue, you promise to withhold your pardon from two of these men and call upon your competitors to declare, in advance even of an election, whether he will pardon the other.

In effect, you propose to gamble for the votes of the people, the stake being the blood of men whose cases, still pending in the courts, have never been brought before you, and who, for aught that you know, may be innocent of the crimes charged against them. A proposition more repellant to all sense of propriety and public duty was never conceived by the brain of man!

I have been induced to refer to some parts of your political career, because you seem to consider that there is some mysterious connection between the battle of Fort Donelson, which occurred forty-one years ago, and your aggressive warfare today against every principle of Democracy.

I attributed my inability to discover this connection to my natural obtuseness. But on referring the question to gentlemen of known "anagogy" and general understanding in the neighborhood, I find that they, equally with myself, were unable to explain your conundrum. I trust you will take an early occasion to relieve the anxiety of the people always eager for instruction in such abstruse problems, to read the riddle you have propounded for their consideration.

I have been advised by some friends who disapprove entirely of the acts of your machine, that I should, nevertheless, give them my support, in the hope that they may hereafter reform. I cannot perceive the wisdom of this counsel. I cannot understand what good would result to the community if a large body of good men were to attach themselves to a band of highwaymen, and, while preaching morality to them during the day, aid them in robbing and plundering at night. This would not be to reform the bandits, but would enable them to perpetrate crimes which they could not commit without the assistance of their good allies.

Reforms or Rewards.

Nor can I appreciate the patriotism of those who seek to reform the perpetrators of wrong by rewarding them for their political iniquities. It would only be to perpetuate the power of the machine and encourage them in further aggression on the rights of the people. The only proper way of dealing with such offenses is to bring the robbers to justice for their crimes, and by the overthrow of the ring to place it where it will be impotent of further harm.

It has afforded me no pleasure to comment upon your public acts. In my youth and early manhood I learned to respect and honor sons of your distinguished ancestry. Called by the untrammelled suffrage of a free people to offices of the highest dignity, they discharged their public duties as servants of the people, not as slaves of the ring, with a fidelity which commanded the applause of their countrymen.

But you are yet young. There must have been implanted in your nature some of the seeds of that patriotism which illustrated their lives. Cultivate them with assiduity.

"But do not spread the compost on the weeds
To make them ranker,"
but imitate the public virtues of your ancestors so that no sculptor of the future may feel compelled to engrave on your monument a paraphrase of an epitaph written by the people's poet—
"Bright ran thy line, O Galloway,
Through many a far-famed sire;
So ran the far famed Roman way,
So ended in a mire!"

S. B. BUCKNER.

Glen Lily October 24, 1903.

An Open Letter.

Elizabethtown, Ky., Oct. 24, 1903.
—Dear News— My attention has been called to the fact you speak of "Our Cousin Jeemes" amusing you by his persistency and craving for office. Now my only ambition has been in the line of my profession. I am and have been ambitious to have a chance to serve the people as Circuit Judge. This ambition should not be amusing nor should my persistency. I have long been a Judge in a large family and with my first and third sons as honored officers in the Navy and the second in the army why should I not try to give them the pleasure once of saying some day, "My father was a loved and highly respected Judge". If I didn't think I could and would make such an officer, as I know myself, I would not seek it, as the office is no honor unless you make it such. I would rather be regarded a good constable than a bad president. The only place I ever got without persistency was in the Southern army. A just, generous and fair-play loving people will make me Judge though I am denied a place on the ballot after complying with the law by I fear some too partial county clerk.

Yours truly
James Montgomery.

Wedding Near Pierce.

Mr. Orb Robbins and Miss Jacie Roberts were married near Pierce October 20.

F. T. Heyser's Residence.

Mrs. Heyser's room in old tapestry effects.
Miss Ray Heyser's room in French stripes of light blue.
Miss Heyser's room in floral effects.
Double hall in old Colonial stripes.
Parlor in dark green ingrain, with panel border.
Dining room in rich delph blue floral effects.
Ed. Gregory, artist.

Hunter-Bruner.

Mr. Herbert Hunter, and Miss Nellie Bruner were married last Wednesday, at the residence of Rev. Ira L. Rice, at Chambers, by Rev. Rice. Miss Bruner is a highly respected young lady. Mr. Hunter is one of Pellville's worthy and popular young men.

Card of Thanks.

The family of Thomas R. Bandy wishes to extend thanks to their many friends and neighbors for the kindness and consideration shown them in the late illness of their father.
The Family.

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Prominent Hawesville Man Dead.
Hawesville, Ky., Oct. 20.—John Will Carder died here last evening of typhoid fever. He was a prominent citizen and a member of the city council. A widow and one son survive him.

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CLOVERPORT, KY.**

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